



Final Mother



32 0 2

Chapter 1 by PigletPinkPancake

Alex sat in the bath tub waiting. Waiting for her Foster mother (even she had only had Alex for a day) to scream at her to get out of the tub. She hated her. Alex didn't know her name and she still hated her. A growing pain of anger boiled up inside Alex. She had felt this many times before. At the other foster homes.

"GET OUT! HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET YOU OUT OF MY HAIR!"

"Wait... let me get this straight. You have hair? Do you mean hair other than your women mustache? Oh, I guess that you have some of that!" scolded Alex back to the middle aged woman in the door way. The lady slammed the door closed and Alex hopped out of the tub. She slipped on her clothes (dark navy t-shirt, light blue jean shorts, and old purple flip flops), brushed back the mess she called hair, and packed her back-pack. She slipped down the stairs quietly to see if she was in the kitchen. When she saw that the lady was in the bathroom, she slid into the kitchen and slipped two apples, one box of girl scout cookies, and some granola bars into her bag. She had planned on running away from her next home. So the government couldn't find her. So she could be free.

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